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Select Tales.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE EMBROIDERED MANTLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[Concluded.]

Mr. BELMONT did not inform Ophelia why he had taken her under his protection until they arrived in London, and it was not until she attended a concert to listen to a favorite daughter of song, that she comprehended what would be required of her. All to her, appeared like a fairy scene. She was enchanted, and the future dawned upon her imagination wrapped in a soft and dreamy splendor, which she vainly would have attempted to describe. Mr. Belmont, who procured for her a celebrated Italian instructor, had no reason to complain of her proficiency. Her clear, flexible voice, and her correct ear, which ever warned her of the slightest deviation from the true sound, enabled her to master the most difficult passages. While she was taught to consider music as the great aim of her life, Miss Belmont, who presided over her brother's domestic establishment, took care to have her instructed in the more useful branches of education. As no person can attain to excellence in any art, although cheered by hope and sustained by the deepest enthusiasm, without undergoing moments of lassitude and despondency, so Ophelia, when sometimes required to repeat again and again some beautiful but difficult passage 'till it palled upon her ear, imagined she should never be able to perform in a manner acceptable to the public. Sometimes she even envied those servants of the household, who were cheered by no sweeter sounds from morning to night than the din and bustle of the kitchen, varied occasionally by the harsh street-cries which found admission through an open door.

Although Mr. Belmont, in a little more than a year, availed himself of the musical talents of his pupil in some of the more remote provincial towns, he had determined not to bring her before the public in the metropolis 'till she was sixteen, but the wonderful ease with which she poured forth those strains which required a waste of the very life-breath of others, determined him to shorten her novitiate, and nine months sooner than he had at first intended, the name of Ophelia Anville appeared in the London papers and in the concert bills as a vocalist of uncommon powers and of great personal attractions, who would make her debut on the first of December. Ambitious, sensitive and timid, yet not unconscious of her powers, Ophelia passed the intermediate time subjected to the alternations of hope and the most disheartening misgivings.

Not long before this period, Arthur, the adopted son of Sir Philip and Lady Katharine, returned from the university, where he had distinguished

himself as much for his correct deportment as for his progress in literature and science. Sir Philip scarcely thought of the lovely child, who fifteen years before, was the joy and sunshine of their dwelling, when he looked on his handsome and intelligent countenance and listened to remarks which showed that his intellectual powers were of no common order. Nor did the feelings of Lady Katharine remain impassive. Time had ameliorated if not banished her grief for the child that was lost, and she had learned to love the noble boy, who in his daily intercourse with her, was as respectful as affectionate. They had never since their melancholy bereavement spent a winter in London, and as they wished Arthur to indulge a little in recreation previously to his commencing the study of law, they decided to go thither in company with Lady Katharine's brother and his only daughter, who was of the same age as their adopted son. A few days after their arrival, Arthur entered the apartment where his parents, and Mr. Varnum and his daughter, Amelia, were sitting, with a newspaper in his hand, in which it was announced that there would be a public concert that evening, and that Ophelia Anville, a young English girl, possessing a voice of unrivalled sweetness and power, would make her debut. They were all fond of music, Amelia passionately so, and it was agreed that, could tickets be procured, they would all attend. Fortunately, a few remained unsold, and Arthur returned delighted with his good fortune. Our party were among the first who took their seats in the concert-room. The musicians were, as yet, moving to and fro amid the soft brilliancy of the gas lights shed over the orchestra, and occasionally a note drawn from the strings of a violin or the deep-toned violoncello mingling with a softly breathed flute note, or the deep voice of the trumpet, floated along the vaulted ceiling.

Ophelia having completed her toilette, thought of the words of Mat, when he gave her the packet, but she had forgotten to take it with her, and it was too late to send for it.

"No matter," said she, "if it were here I believe I should not venture to wear it—it would be inappropriate."

"Should not venture to wear what?" said the girl who had assisted her to dress.

"Nothing but a mantle," she replied, as she entered the apartment adjoining the concert-room.

To prevent her thoughts from dwelling on the trying ordeal that awaited her, she employed herself in singing in a subdued voice, a song which had been set to music by one of the most eminent composers of the day, in a manner to develop the richest and most brilliant tones of her voice. Mr. Belmont entered.

"All is ready for the overture, Ophelia," said he. "You must forget that you are in the concert-room, and abandon yourself to the power of

the divine art, as I have seen you do at our own fireside, and your triumph will be complete."

He took her trembling hand in his—led her to the door of the concert-room, whence she was handed to the orchestra. Arthur involuntarily started from his seat. He had never before beheld a face and form of such perfect loveliness. The expression of her countenance was so soft, yet so piquant—there was so much soul in the glance of her dark eyes, as she gave one timid look at the uplifted faces beneath her, that he became almost wholly absorbed in contemplating her, and was scarcely conscious that the overture had commenced, ere it was finished. At its close, all, for a few moments, was silence. Then the symphony, displaying in its general character, the sweet and plaintive air, and occasionally, touches of the brilliancy and pathos infused into the song that was to succeed, was elicited in subdued notes from the various instruments, which had just filled the room with their majestic harmony. Ophelia did forget that she was in the concert-room, and ere the symphony was closed, gave herself up to the power of the art with which her deep and impassioned feelings seemed to have the gift of communing as with some real, but to all save herself, some invisible spirit. The joys, the sorrows, the enthusiasm of her young and lovely heart, gushed forth in sweet, almost unearthly strains in the solitude of her own chamber, when none were near to listen, and it was as if she had poured them into the bosom of a sympathizing friend. The symphony closed, and the first note of the song softly breathed on a flute, was, ere it died away, taken up by the rich and ravishing voice of the young debutante. As the stream of full, liquid melody gushed from her parted lips and floated along the vaulted roof, the audience were motionless as statues and nearly as breathless. The song ceased, and then, as if suddenly aroused from the spell of an enchantress, she was greeted with rapturous and reiterated applause. The voice of deserved praise has ever to its object those dulcet and seductive tones that irresistibly steal into the heart, and Ophelia, though not of a temperament to be unduly elated, could not but rejoice at her success. Evening concerts and morning concerts followed each other in rapid succession, and Mr. Belmont, as he had anticipated, began to reap a golden harvest. Arthur never failed to be present. He had neither eye nor ear for any one save Ophelia, and at length, prompted by the wild delirium of his passion, he resolved to obtain an interview with her. Lady Katharine penetrated the secret of his heart and disclosed it to Sir Philip. It had long been their wish to see him when at a suitable age, united to Amelia Varnum, Lady Katharine's niece, a desire which was favored by the young lady's father. He was consulted relative to the course it was best to take, and they all concluded that the safest way would be to return

immediately home, not doubting that when he could no longer have opportunity to behold the fascinating songstress or listen to her voice, his passion would gradually die away. It was Wednesday when they came to this decision, and the following Monday was fixed upon as the day of their departure. Amelia was the first to inform Arthur, who, although she knew how to appreciate his good qualities, felt not the least inclination to have her destiny united with his, having met with a gentleman since her sojourn in London, for whom she entertained sentiments of a much livelier nature, who she knew only waited for a favorable opportunity to ask her hand of her father. Arthur listened with dismay, and with several half formed projects floating in his mind relative to effecting an interview with Ophelia, he left the house. He had proceeded only a short distance when he was joined by an acquaintance whom he would, at that moment willingly have avoided. As they turned a corner, they saw a woman wrapped in a long cloak with the hood drawn over her face so as mostly to conceal it, advancing to meet them.

"If there is not the gipsy woman," said the companion of Arthur. "What say you to having your fortune told? Her domicile is just at hand, and she is said to be well skilled in chiromancy."

Arthur, in his present state of mind, was willing, if possible, to learn his future fate, and replied that he should like to hear what she had to say. They informed her of their wishes, and she expressed her readiness to receive them in the evening.

"I shall attend the concert this evening," said Arthur, "but will come to you the moment the performances are closed."

He turned to go, as did his companion, but grasping the arm of the latter, she said to him, in a whisper—"Stay one moment. Is not that young man the adopted son of Sir Philip Hathaway?"

"He is."

"I knew I could not be wrong. His mother was a handsome, merry lass, who used often to befriend me. She is dead and gone—but he has her eyes and her own sweet smile too. Is he going to hear the young girl, called Ophelia Anville, sing to-night?"

"I believe he is."

"He loves some one he expects to meet to-night—his flushed cheek when he told me he should go to the concert informed me of that. May be it is the young singer. You cannot say that I have not mentioned the right one."

"Well, make the most of your knowledge then."

"Ay, that I shall," she muttered to herself.

"The child shall not waste her breath in singing to a gaping multitude, if Liz Looney can help it."

Arthur and his companion did not fail to wait on the sibyl at the appointed hour. The apartment into which she admitted them, was low and mean, and the lamp on the table afforded too dim a light to pierce the gloom of the more remote parts. Divested of her hood, Arthur could perceive that her other features were in keeping with the black, piercing eyes which had peered upon him from beneath its shade, they being characterized by all the traits peculiar to her race with more than a common share of shrewd-

ness and cunning, which when the darker passions were aroused took a cast of malignity. The black locks which strayed from beneath the red cotton handkerchief bound around her head, had, as yet, escaped the frosty touch of time, and her teeth were still sound and as white as ivory.

"This is, in the main, a fair palm," said she, as Arthur presented her his hand for examination, "though you have not been a stranger to sorrow, and poverty has threatened you. You love, and fate, though she promises you success, must be propitiated."

"In what manner?" inquired Arthur.

"By striving to gain the heart of her you love. Let no obstacles deter you. If you should, sorrow and lamentation will raise their voices in the halls of Hathaway when too late."

"But what if by obeying you, I should displease my parents?"

"What will displease them now, will be approved by them hereafter."

"How will they approve it? Explain yourself more fully."

"I have said enough. Do my bidding if you would not bring sorrow upon yourself and those you best love." She now turned to the other young man, and taking his hand, which she slightly examined, promised him success in his undertakings.

As they left her abode together, "well Arthur," said he, "the gipsy has read you a riddle, which unless your head is better than mine, it will be hard for you to interpret. Think you not that Sir Philip and Lady Katharine will be proud to receive the young songstress as a daughter-in-law?"

"Speak not of them, I intreat you. I know how much I have to fear, but I am determined to obey the sibyl's command, so far, at least, as to seek an interview with her, if it be only to bid her farewell forever."

"Trust me, Arthur, it will be a dangerous experiment, and I advise you to have nothing to do with the singer and forget that you have seen the sibyl."

"Your advice may be good, but I have not the resolution to follow it. I must see her."

Chance favored his intention. He had, in company with Mr. Varnum and his daughter attended a morning concert, and without any object in view save the pleasure of beholding the beautiful songstress as she passed from the carriage to the house, he hastened to the street where she resided the moment he left the concert-room. As the carriage drew up before the house, a groom led forward a high spirited horse, and Mr. Belmont having assisted Ophelia to alight, sprang to the saddle, telling her that he should not return 'till evening. The animal having been trained in the country, knew little of "town life," and a porter's cart that moment approaching, propelled by the owner, was a sight so different from what he had ever seen before, as to cause him instantly to take a fright. He commenced plunging and rearing in such a manner that none but an accomplished horseman could, for any length of time, have retained his seat in the saddle. Unfortunately, Mr. Belmont, who could have no pretensions at being able "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," was soon thrown with violence upon the pavement. Arthur assisted to raise him and to convey

him into the house, and then ran for a surgeon. Upon examination, it was found that he had sustained such general injury as would probably confine him within doors for a week or more. Mr. Belmont ascertained the assistance which Arthur had obligingly rendered, and a few days afterwards, sent him a polite invitation to sup with him and to remain in the evening and listen to a few songs and duets by Signor Palini, Miss Anville, and one or two others. Although he had suspected that Sir Philip and Lady Katharine would not approve of his accepting the invitation, he could not persuade himself to return a negative answer. In the concert-room, the beauty of the young songstress had fascinated, almost bewildered him. He had not been prepared for the retiring modesty and the soft dignity which, child as she was, distinguished her at her own fireside. From that evening, the few short intervals that she was released from her professional labor, Arthur was almost sure to spend in her company. Mr. Belmont had ever been kind to her, so had his sister, the year she had spent in the family prior to her marriage, but this quiet kindness, had never, on any occasion, exalted itself into what might be termed affection, and the warm and hoarded sensibilities of her heart, rebuked by their coldness, could only be poured forth in the touching and ravishing melody of her own voice. What should prevent them from gushing forth, now that they had found a natural channel, for Arthur had confessed to her his deep and devoted love. It was a fairy scene, full of sunshine and bloom, that now opened upon her, and she dreamed not that the storm-cloud might soon overshadow and destroy its beauty.

The Monday set by Sir Philip for their departure from the city, found Lady Katharine too ill to leave her room. One evening, more than a week afterwards, at the earnest solicitation of her, who perceived that her constant attendance in the sick room began to show itself in her faded complexion, Amelia, in company with her father and Arthur, once more attended the concert.

"I have before thought, and am now certain," said Amelia to her aunt, the following morning, "that I have seen this beautiful Ophelia Anville before, bearing a different name and under very different circumstances."

"Ah! we must tell Arthur of this," said Lady Katharine, eagerly. "undoubtedly there were good reasons for her exchanging her name, which she would not care to explain. When and where did you see her?"

"Three years ago—the summer I spent with Lady Sophia Raynham. She was with a band of gipsies that encamped near, and one day when she was wandering by herself I overheard her singing a song which I used frequently to sing in the evening, that I knew she must have learned of me, as the music as well as the words were composed by myself. Afterwards we met frequently, and I learned her several songs and airs. Last evening, she sang, among others, the very song, which, with her clear, bird-like voice, she was warbling in the fields when I first saw her. I then became certain that the celebrated Ophelia Anville was no other than the little Lizette, who three years ago, was leading the vagrant life of a gipsy."

"Why, Amelia, did you never relate to me these circumstances before?"

"It had become an old story the next time I saw you, and did not occur to me."

"You have heard in what manner our only child was lost?"

"I believe I have, though I was so young at the time, I retain no distinct recollection of it."

"I will tell you some time, but not now," said Lady Katharine.

The account which Amelia had given her, had re-awakened the hopes that long had slept, and she felt determined in her own mind to call on Ophelia and endeavor to learn something of her past life, the moment her health would permit. She regretted the absence of her husband, who had left town that morning and was not expected to return until the ensuing day.

Sir Philip, who was aware of the state of Arthur's affections, had at length matured a plan which he trusted would crush his hopes at once and forever. That very evening, as Ophelia, who had as usual been the star of stars, was about to give her hand to Arthur, that he might assist her to enter the carriage, she felt some one touch her shoulder. She looked round and beheld a man muffled in a cloak, with his hat drawn over his eyes. He thrust a sealed note into her hand and immediately disappeared. The moment she was alone, she broke the seal and read as follows—

"Sir Philip Hathaway demands an interview with you. He will be at the door when the clock strikes one, when he presumes he can be admitted without the knowledge of any other member of the family."

Had the writer of the note been in no way connected with her lover, its haughty and laconic style would have made her dread to meet him. Now, it needed all the fortitude she could assume to preserve a decent composure. An excessive sinking of heart accompanied her dreadful agitation, and a shadow of deepest gloom seemed already to be cast around her—blotting out life's golden sunshine forever. When assured that all had retired, she softly descended into a room which opened into the hall. She looked at the time-piece on the mantel. The hour had come, and the next moment that single deep note which in the silence of night sounds so solemn and so melancholy, pealed from the lofty tower of a neighboring church. A low rap against the door—she opened it, and the same muffled form that had handed her the note, stood on the step. Having entered, he cautiously followed Ophelia to the small and secluded apartment she had selected for the interview. He smoothed the way by no preliminary remarks, but accused her at once of artfully inveigling the affections of his adopted son, who being but little accustomed to female society, felt the want of no attraction save a beautiful face and syren voice.

"I have said nothing to him on the subject," returned he, "for, in his present state of mind, I do not expect him to listen to reason, but this connexion shall be broken, or a disinherited son will be branded with a father's curse. Would you avert the doom?"

"Yes—but how?" said Ophelia, who pale and terrified had sunk into a chair.

"By flying this place without seeing him again!"

"Impossible—Mr. Belmont is to give two more concerts, and—"

"Mr. Belmont shall lose nothing by your absence—I myself will make him whole. I have a carriage in waiting at a short distance, and now is the time for you to go. Should you delay your departure, you will bring ruin and disgrace on him whose affections you have entangled by your arts, and destroy forever the peace of my wife, whom sorrow for a lost child came near crushing to the earth. Will you go, or remain and be the instrument of the fearful misery I have painted?"

Stupified with grief and terror at his harsh language, imperious manner, and above all by his unjust accusations, she rose, and without making any reply, moved mechanically towards the door. Sir Philip placed himself before it.

"Are you going to endeavor to elude me?" said he.

"No, Sir Philip. Suffer me to go to my room for a bonnet and shawl, and I will be here again in two minutes."

"Can I trust you—or do you mean to deceive me?"

Something like a pang of remorse for a moment visited his bosom, as with pale and quivering lips, she said—

"Oh, Sir Philip, though I am a poor and friendless orphan, I am not the base creature you take me for. I never made use of any arts to engage the affections of your son—I never attempted to deceive."

"Well, child," said he in a softened voice, "go to your room and procure whatever you please, but do not be long absent, as it is time we were gone."

Ophelia had never found a convenient opportunity to wear the mantle which Mat handed her the morning she left the inn—she had even of late almost forgotten that it was in her possession. As on opening a drawer it presented itself to her view, the injunction of the gipsy came fresh to her mind, and divesting herself of the shawl which she had already put on, she supplied its place with the mantle. She now hastened to join Sir Philip, whom she suffered to lead her from the house to go to, she knew not whither.

Mr. Belmont was not greatly surprised at not meeting Ophelia at the breakfast table, as she appeared unusually fatigued when she returned the preceding evening, and more than an hour elapsed after the meal, before he would suffer any one to go to her chamber, not wishing her to be disturbed. When the apartment was found to be vacant, great was his astonishment and alarm. After a little reflection, he came to the conclusion that she must have eloped with Arthur. The circumstance of her absence was soon circulated in that section of the town, and the admirers of Ophelia's singing, mingled regret with their surmises. Mr. Belmont's conjectures with regard to Arthur, were soon terminated by the appearance of the young man himself. One person, a violinist, saw Sir Philip when he thrust the note into her hand, but as he was ignorant who he was, it added to the mystery and increased the alarm.

During this time, Sir Philip had conveyed Ophelia to an obscure inn, which, although at no

great distance from London, was in a part of the country where there was but little travel. He had previously made an arrangement with the hostess to board her for an indefinite period, the time prescribed in his own mind being until Lady Katharine's health would enable her to return home. When Ophelia was about to enter the inn, she missed the mantle and returned to the carriage to look for it. It was gone, having probably slipped to the ground soon after she left her own door, as she only threw it lightly over her shoulder.

It was evening—Sir Philip had returned, and found Lady Katharine sitting by the fire. Perhaps the new hope that had sprung up in her bosom made her forget the debility of her frame. She was just relating to her husband what Amelia had told her, when the door suddenly opened and a woman enveloped in a red cloak stood before them. Without speaking she unrolled a silk mantle, richly embroidered, and held in such a manner as to receive the full reflection of the wax candles burning on the table.

"Do you remember ever to have seen it before?" said she, addressing Lady Katharine.

"How came you by it?" inquired she, snatching the mantle from the sibil's hand and gazing intently on the rich clusters of buds and flowers she herself had wrought.

"It was round the child," quietly answered the sibil.

"Yes, yes—and if you know what became of her tell me at once," said Lady Katharine.

"What pleasure can it give you to torture me with suspense?"

"Send for her who is called Ophelia Anville. She perhaps, has seen the mantle, and may be she has not forgotten Liz Looney, the gipsy, who has carried her in her arms many a weary mile."

"My good woman," said Sir Philip, "cannot you as well at once speak to the point?"

"And if I do, how shall I know that no harm will befall me?"

"I will give you my word that there shall not, if I have the power to prevent it."

"Then will I tell you truly that I stole the child as she lay asleep under a tree by the ruins near Hathaway Hall. This mantle which was wrapped around her, I found early this morning before Mr. Belmont's house. It is many years since I have seen it before. I meant to have destroyed it, lest it should prove the means of bringing to light my guilt, but while waiting for a favorable opportunity it was stolen. From that time I knew the Power above watched over the child and intended something better for her than a gipsy's life, and the same Power, no doubt, now that I longed to see her restored to her rights, directed me to the spot where I found the mantle."

"Do you say that Ophelia Anville and the child you stole are the same?" said Sir Philip.

"Yes, the fair young creature who is earning her bread with her very life-breath is your daughter. I have told the truth, and I shall now have a light heart."

Having said this she left the apartment. After her departure Sir Philip remained some time without speaking, with his face partly veiled by his hand. There was a struggle in his bosom be-

tween pride and paternal affection, but the latter soon triumphed, and he resolved after endeavoring to procure a few hours rest, to again set out for the secluded inn. He felt rejoiced that he had not informed his wife that he had conveyed Ophelia from the city, and he assured her that an interview should take place between them as soon as her health would permit.

By break of day, he was once more on the road. It was about one when he arrived at the inn, and he requested the hostess to inform Miss Anville that he wished to see her immediately.

"Ah, sir, it will be but a dismal sight," replied she, "for the lady is in a high fever, and would not know her own mother, for she takes me for a gipsy, she calls Liz Looney. The doctor thinks her disease is owing to grief, or mental excitement, I think he calls it, and says she must be kept very quiet and see no company; but as you are the gentleman who brought her here, I suppose you must just look at her."

"I should like to," he replied, and she conducted him into the youthful sufferer's apartment. She was singing snatches of one of those sweet and most melancholy songs, which had so often thrilled with rapture an admiring audience, and her dark eyes, which had lost their beaming softness, roved from object to object with that wild restlessness peculiar to insanity. Her cheeks were deeply tinged with the fever-flush, and many a tress of her rich brown hair had strayed from beneath the cap by which the landlady had sought to keep it in place, mingling with the folds of the snowy but crumpled sheets. As Sir Philip gazed upon her in silence, he fully realized the cruel and selfish part which he had acted.

We will not trace the progress of the disease, which would at one time assume a favorable aspect only to be succeeded by symptoms the most alarming. In a few days Lady Katharine who was able to perform the journey from London, was the first, as she sat by the patient's bedside, to mark the quiet dawn of returning reason. She continued the affectionate ministry, without revealing her name, until Ophelia could sit in her chair hours at a time, and even walk about the room.

One day as they were sitting together, Ophelia said hesitatingly, "Do you know, madam, whether Sir Philip Hathaway or any other person has inquired for me since I have been sick?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Philip and his wife have both been here. Mr. Belmont was immediately informed of your situation, who has related all he knows of your history, having first obtained leave of a certain Liz Looney, who has likewise imparted information which I hope will prove gratifying to you."

A slight blush flitted across Ophelia's cheeks as she heard the name of Liz Looney, but she immediately said—"Why should I feel ashamed at having once belonged to a band of gipsies, if young as I was, I felt above participating in their views?"

"Were you taught to believe that you were one of their race?"

"At first I was, but one day a brother of the woman who had the care of me, and had often shielded me from her violence, told me that my parents were wealthy and of high rank, though

he was unable to tell me their name. I mentioned this to Liz, and she did not deny it, but said that they had adopted a child in my room, and would spurn me from the door as an imposter."

"Oh, no!" said Lady Katharine passionately, forgetting in the excitement of the moment her resolution to act with discretion—"their arms as well as their doors would have been open to receive you. I am your mother."

"And I am your father," said Sir Philip, who a moment before, unperceived had entered the apartment, "who hopes by his future care and tenderness to efface the remembrance of the cruelty received at his hands."

A radiant smile for a moment lit up the beautiful features of the restored daughter, and then in the fulness of her heart she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"There is one more," said Sir Philip, after a few moments silence, "who should not be excluded from a participation of our happiness—our adopted son is below, and I will call him unless I am forbidden."

As no objection was offered, he left the chamber and in a short time returned with Arthur, whose countenance indicated that he was not the least happy of the party.

"I shall forbear disinheriting you, Arthur, only on one condition," said Sir Philip, as he rose to leave the room.

"And what is that?" said Arthur, gravely.

"You must bind yourself to receive with the estate, the incumbrance of my daughter; but as it is rather a weighty consideration, I will leave you, with the assistance of Lady Katharine, to settle it between you."

* * * * *

"Two years afterwards, a youthful pair, who had been a few months wedded, stood together beneath the broad-spreading boughs of an oak. The glossy foliage, now and then slightly rustled by the passing breeze, was enriched by the golden lustre of the setting sun.

"I have reason to value this," said the lady, who, as the breeze freshened, drew a silk mantle, richly embroidered, more closely round her—"for without its aid, I don't know that Liz Looney's story would have been credited."

As she finished speaking, a woman emerged from a ruin near by and approached the spot where they stood. Her naturally dark complexion was rendered still darker by exposure to the weather, but her features were handsome, and the expression of her countenance peculiarly pleasing.

"Ellen Hathaway," said she, "seventeen years ago, I left you sleeping in the shade of this goodly tree. I find you here now, lovelier even than you were then, and the dark shadow will no more come flitting over my heart, when I behold my own daughter, for I shall know that the heart of the lady who was once so kind to me, is no longer made desolate by the loss of hers."

"Ah, this must be Florella," said Ellen. "My mother has told me your story. If she was kind to you, why did you leave her?"

"Look at him," replied Florella, pointing to Arthur, "and you will find the answer in your own heart."

* * * * *

Among Ellen's friends, one of the dearest and

most valued was Amelia. She had, for more than a year been united to him who won her heart the winter she spent in London, and they often, at each other's firesides, sang together those songs which they warbled beneath the greenwood tree, or in the cool shadow of the rock, the first summer they met, little imagining that they were bound by the ties of consanguinity as well as those of sympathy. Nor did she forget Peter, whom she left in the dell with his violin, or Mat, the landlord of the inn, but made a point of making each a handsome Christmas present, as well as of giving them what they prized more than silver or gold, kind words and kind looks, whenever they turned aside in their wanderings to spend an hour at the Hall.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

HOME.

Ah, sacred name. How beats the heart with a thousand sweet and holy recollections at the sound of thy loved name, as memory with her magic hand sweeps the chords of our hearts. It is a name that recalls to our minds the days of our childhood, those days of joyous innocence, when our young hearts in the fond and trusting confidence of youth throbbed only with bright visions of future happiness. It brings before us the one loved spot to which through all the changing scenes of life's journey our memory clings with fond regret—that spot that is endeared to us by ties that are interwoven around the very fibres of our hearts by associations which time nor death can destroy. It is a name around which cluster the dearest and purest feelings of the heart blended with thoughts of all that makes life dear. It is a name that has furnished the poet with a theme for some of the sweetest lays that mortal pen ever indited. Strains that will thrill the soul while memory and affection dwell within the heart. The poet hath said "tis home where the heart is," and to the truth of this every honest heart will respond. Home! 'tis the loved spot where rests the refugent rays of the radiant star of hope, where dwells the bright angel of happiness, where within the sphere of the social and domestic affections may be found all of bliss which this world can give. Home! 'tis a name to which our hearts however far we may roam from the one loved spot that gave us birth will ever respond. With what thrilling and unearthly tones does the exquisite strains of "home, sweet home," fall upon the ears of him who hath wandered far from the home of his youth, who is sojourning amongst strangers in a strange land. Deep and overpowering are the sensations that fill his heart as the recollections of by-gone days come rushing o'er the tide of memory. Again he stands beneath the parental roof—again he hears the loved voice of a kind father and mother—again he is clasped in the arms of a beloved sister—again he drinks in the rich tones of affection from her sweet lips—again the kiss she imprinted upon his lips as she clung to him in the painful agony of separation seems breathing warm, but alas! the sweet illusion is short, stern reality dispels the light of imagination, and he awakes to the heart-chilling and

painful truth, that he is far from the loved spot that gave him birth—that years, long years have rolled by since those days of innocence and happiness. And where is that father, whose love and protecting care were ever over him—that mother, who watched with a mother's love over him through the helplessness of infancy and childhood, on whose bosom his head has oft been pillowed? Alas! they sleep beneath the cold clouds of the valley. And where is that sweet sister, the loved one of his heart, whose love was the light and life of his youthful days—the playmate of his childhood—the companion of his youth—the sharer of his youthful joys and sorrows, to whom were confided all his hopes and anticipations with whom he indulged in bright visions of future scenes of joy to be shared with her? Short was her stay on earth—in the bloom of youth and loveliness she was doomed to fade away and die. That insidious and fell destroyer consumption, that seeks its victims from the youthful and lovely, fastens its destroying hand upon the fairest and purest of earth, marked her for his own. The golden chords of life were rent, and with the light of purity and loveliness encircling her, she went down to the cold and silent tomb. The voice that was music to his ears is now hushed in death, and what think ye were the reflections of that lone man, a stranger in a strange land, with none to love him, none to throw the joyous light of affection o'er his hearth. Oh, my God! who shall tell the agony that rends his heart almost to breaking. Shall we wonder that he weeps in bitterness of heart. Let the home where shines the pure and deathless light of affection ever be sacred and inviolate, let no cold and selfish heart, dare to cross its sacred threshold and pollute with its false and unholy vows, its hallowed shrine, and accursed be the wretch who can tamper with the youthful affections, crush the warm hopes, blight and wither the purest and holiest feelings of our natures, trample upon all that makes life dear and wreck the happiness of an innocent and confiding being, who can throw the dark gloom of sorrow and misery over the home where dwelt innocence and happiness. Oh! he is a villain, too base for earth, and the fiends of darkness would not own him, he is a foul plague spot on the face of earth, may he be shunned and despised of all, may misery deep and blighting follow in his footsteps. Kind reader, art thou a young man about entering upon the scenes of life? dost thou wish for happiness? go make thyself a home in the heart of some young, pure and warmhearted girl, win the priceless gem of her virgin affections, make her heart all thy own, and thou hast won that which will constitute the joy and charm of thy life, the light of whose love will be around thee, and cling to thee, though all others forsake thee—thou hast won that which is of more value, infinitely more than all the wealth, power and pomp that ever circled round earth's proudest monarch; for it will give thee what wealth, nor power, nor aught of earthly distinction can give, happiness. I repeat the assertion, and it is one of the truth of which every heart must sooner or later respond, that all of happiness that man can enjoy whilst journeying through the varying scenes of this cold and friendless world, is to be found

within the sphere of the social affections, by the domestic hearthstone where love, pure and deathless sits enthroned, and sheds its hallowed influence round, where soul meets soul, and heart to heart is blended. E.

Sullivan, N. Y. Jan. 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is a sacred treasure. It is the gift of God revealing his will to man. It is the golden key which unlocks the portals of eternity, the unerring way-mark which points from the crumbling cape of time to the boundless continent of a better world. Like the splendor of the sun, it dispels the gloom of darkness; a heavenly messenger, it brings "glad tidings;" a friendly comforter, it whispers "peace." A guardian angel, it protects the defenceless—a perpetual spring of water, it flows to all—a sacred volume of inspired truth, it treats with exactitude upon the past, unfolds human character and the relations we sustain to God as accountable beings at the present, and withdraws from us the mysterious veil of futurity.

And who does not delight to peruse this sacred history and observe with what unaffected simplicity facts are recorded, and with what grandeur the character of the Great Eternal is portrayed. Within its sacred pages we perceive no cloak of dissimulation, but all the transactions of which it treats are delineated in the language of impartial truth, too plain to be misconstrued. Leading us back through ages long since passed away, it reveals to us the source of all truth, and through its crystal leaves we perceive not only the beginning and continuation of all things, but behold the Omnipotent Jehovah existing in all the beatific glory of his most exalted excellencies, in that part of eternity anterior to creation, and without the aid of surrounding objects, as happy in his own perfections, as if to him the hallelujahs of a thousand worlds were uttered forth in loud cantations of the sweetest praise. Far back beyond the limits of human comprehension, where bold fancy stands aghast and daring imagination grows pale, there dwells the triune God, clothed in his own purity, and by the word of his power angelic forms of heaven-born beauty appear, world after world springs into existence together with myriads of other intelligences, and when Omniscience views them all as "good," the celestial songsters shout for joy and heaven responds "Amen." Then comes the history of man, showing how from the lofty eminence of holiness, he fell to the lowest depth of moral turpitude, and how the dark stain of depravity flows down through all the human race, corrupting the faculties and ruining the soul. Dark and cheerless indeed would be this wonderful history if it brought no other news than this; but no sooner does it show the gloom of night than it points the anxious reader to the star of promise and from the foundation of the world presents the crimson sacrifice newly slain for all.

Of all histories the Bible is to us the most interesting. But for this, many of the most important events that have ever taken place, would be lost in chaotic darkness, we ourselves shrouded in the night of ignorance, without any knowl-

edge whence we came or why we exist. Written in the most plain and easy style, it is well adapted to the perusal of all, and yet abounding in the most sublime ideas and elevating subjects, it affords a field in which the most refined may revel and the most aspiring dwell. From the plain narration of unvarnished truth to the sublime mysteries of prophetic inspiration, not a sentence appears written in vain, not a word uttered unsanctioned by Heaven: so that the slightest circumstance contained therein affords some useful lesson, and in every mystic type and shadow of the law, we may perceive the glory of Bethlehem's bright star. O, brightest star that ever shed its lustre on our world! Blest was the day on which thy light first dawned, and happy those who kiss thy wedded smiles!

The divinity of the scriptures is strikingly exhibited by the fact that the prophets, living at different periods of the world, and placed under a variety of circumstances, agreed in their predictions concerning events that were to be; and the sceptic has often been confounded, while observing with what exactitude prophetic visions have been fulfilled in perfect realities. And although many things foretold in the scriptures yet remain to be unfolded, we have the fullest assurance that they will yet take place. Had they differed, or absolutely contradicted, suspicion, nay deception would have been branded upon the whole fabrication, but "one spirit in them ruled," and whether they spoke in the language of simple prose, or from the sacred lyre, poured forth the song of sweetest melody, their language meant the same. Union and perfection marked the whole, and the impress of the Divine character is stamped on every page. What could we ask, what could we desire better than the Bible. In this our character is canvassed, our duty made known, our "immortality brought to light," and the truth of God concentrated. When compared with this, all other works dwindle into insignificance, and their beauties fade, while the oracles of God survive the faggot flames and sweeping flood, and on their own foundation stand firm as the "everlasting hills."

In vain has scepticism, united with sophistry, and urged on by demons, assailed the truths of inspiration, for heaven and earth would sooner pass away than that the word of God should fail. In vain has heathen mythology attempted to weave its dark auguries of visionary fiction around the brow of man's invention, and present the dumb idol as the object of worship to the world, for reason unites with revelation, ascribing all perfection to a Great First Cause, to whom every tongue should confess and before whom every knee should bow.

In vain has human wisdom sought an antidote for the sin-sick soul of man; for who can forgive us except He against whom we have offended, and who can "deliver us from evil" but an Almighty Savior, and how should we have known our Savior's will and the "way of life" without a revelation?

Dark and dreary would have been our pathway, and the human mind would have been left to its own wild fancies, to wander like a lawless planet, dashing heedless on through a dangerous waste of nightly horrors. But happily for us the

compass of heaven points out our way, the lamp of life shines far around us, and thousands of those who are hostile to its dictates are daily reaping blessings from its influence.

Who upon a moment's reflection, does not see that wherever the Bible is held sacred, the angel of peace delights to dwell? Who that candidly investigates its connections, doctrines, and the whole sum of its contents, does not see its perfect harmony and admire its elevated character? and who would not delight to kneel at the shrine of its Sovereign Author and seek to understand its unerring truths? Truths which refine and elevate the intellect of man, and which if rightly heeded tend to draw him near his God. Truths at which the Prince of Error grows pale and the inhabitants of outer darkness shudder. Truths which engage the wonder of angelic minds, and cause the three great worlds to thrill with interest, and which more than all others deeply concern the human family.

How then should we love and study our Bible! How revere its mysteries and obey its injunctions! It should be our theme by day and our study by night; our guide through life and its promises our pillow in death. B. M. G.

Barryville, Dec. 1841.

PROGRAPY.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The eighth President of the United States, was born on the 5th December, 1782, at Kinderhook, Columbia county, in New-York. His father was Abraham Van Buren, a reputable farmer, descended from one of the ancient families who first settled at Kinderhook. Mr. Van Buren acquired the rudiments of his education at the academy of his native village, which he left at the age of fourteen to commence the study of his profession. At that early age he is said to have exhibited a strong passion for extempore speaking, and to have attracted attention by the ease and vigor of his declamation. He entered the office of Francis Sylvester Esq. of Kinderhook, but finished his studies under the direction and in the office of William P. Van Ness, a distinguished lawyer of New-York. In November, 1803, at the age of 21, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, and soon after commenced the

practice of his profession in his native county. He opened an office at Kinderhook, and remained there until 1808, when, on being appointed Surrogate of the county, he removed his office to Hudson. He rapidly rose to distinction, at the bar, and soon became known as a distinguished and active politician. He supported Morgan Lewis for governor against Aaron Burr, in 1804; and Daniel D. Tompkins against Gen. Lewis, in 1807. In 1812, he was elected a member of the State Senate, and supported Dewitt Clinton for the Presidency against Mr. Madison. He, however, gave a warm support to the war, and the administrations of Madison and Tompkins. In 1815, he was appointed Attorney General of New-York, and a Regent of the University. In 1819, he was removed from the office of Attorney General, for his hostility to Governor Clinton. During this year he came out in support of Rufus King for the Senate, and exerted his influence successfully in his behalf. Mr. King had only three votes against him in the legislature. In 1821, Mr. Van Buren was elected to the Senate of the United States. Before taking his seat, he was chosen to the State Convention for revising the Constitution of New-York, and took an active part in the deliberations of that body. From 1821 to 1828, Mr. Van Buren was a conspicuous member of the Senate. He was known also over the Union as an able politician. He supported Mr. Crawford for the Presidency in 1824; was a prominent opponent of Mr. Adams' administration, until he left the Senate in 1828, to assume the office of Governor of New-York, to which he had been elected. On the 12th March, 1829, General Jackson conferred on Mr. Van Buren the office of Secretary of State, the duties of which he continued to discharge until the 11th April, 1831, when he resigned. He was soon after appointed by the President, Minister to Great Britain. When his nomination came to be acted upon before the Senate on the 26th January, 1832, it was rejected by the casting vote of Mr. Calhoun, the Vice President. But this event proved a stepping stone to his further elevation. On the 22d May following, he was nominated for the Vice Presidency, and elected on the ticket with General Jackson in the autumn of that year. On the 20th May, 1835, Mr. Van Buren received the nomination of the Democratic party for the Presidency, and receiving a majority of votes in the electoral colleges, he was inaugurated President of the United States on the 4th March, 1837. He was again nominated in 1840, for a second term, in opposition to Gen. Harrison, and on the inauguration of the latter, retired to his native place, where he still resides.

MISCELLANY.

GUMPTION.

THIS is a fine old Scotch word, not generally to be found in the dictionaries, though it is worthy of a place in the best. It has a great deal of meaning in it, and often expresses what nothing else can.

When I see a girl reject the addresses of a respectable young man, who owns a good farm, goes to meeting, and pays his debts; for one who wears a dickey, visits the theatre, and spends his

money faster than he earns it, I think to myself she has not much gumption.

When I see a young mechanic, who wants a good wife that can make a pudding, and spit a turkey, dangling after a piece of affectation, because she has been to a dancing school and can play on a piano, I guess he has not got much gumption.

When I see a farmer paying taxes for twenty acres of land, half fenced and half tilled, when he might raise more on six acres under cultivation, I conclude he is not over stocked with gumption.

When I see a man, who has good business, sufficient to support his family respectably, neglecting his affairs and running into debt in order to obtain political office, I fancy that whatever may be his talents, he is not burdened with gumption.

When I see a man, call his boys from school, and spending two hours every afternoon for a month, to tar his trees, that the canker-worm may not ascend them, when he might effect a remedy in a single day, by exchanging the earth for three feet around them, I conclude he has more industry than gumption.

When I see a man, purchasing three cords of wood for winter, when by listing his door, and mending a broken pane, he might save two of them, I think he has but little gumption.

When I see a young man, just set up in business, keeping a horse and chaise at an expense of two dollars a day, and failing in six months, when he might walk for nothing and continue his business with safety, I conclude that he has not much gumption.

When I see a man attending diligently to his own concerns, sending his children to school, paying his debts, and keeping clear of lawsuits, quarrels and politics, I set him down as a man possessing a reasonable share of gumption.

When I see a woman mending her children's clothes and receiving her husband with affection, I conclude she has no ordinary share of gumption.

In fine when I see a man who deals justly, loves mercy, walks humbly, and pays for his newspaper, I conclude that of all others in this world he possesses the greatest portion of gumption.

A TOUGH SKIM-MILK CHEESE.

Ur at the west end of the city, there is a good natured, fun-making negro, named *Parsis*, who hovers around the grocery stores in that neighborhood rather more than is desirable. Like many other gentlemen of color, he prides himself on the thickness of his skull, and he is always up for a bet upon his butting powers; and well he may be, for his head is hard enough for a battering ram. The other day he made a bet, in a store that he could butt in the head of a flour barrel and he succeeded. He then took up a bet to drive it through a very large cheese, which was be covered with a cloth to keep his wool clear of the cheese crumbs. The cheese thus enveloped was placed in a proper position, and *Parsis*, starting off like a locomotive, buried his head up to his ears in the inviting target. *Parsis* now began to feel himself irresistible, and talked up "purty considerable." A plan, however, was soon contrived to take the conceit out of him. There being some grind-

stones in the store for sale, one of them was privately taken up, and wrapped up in the same manner as the cheese had been, and looked precisely as if it were a second cheese, and Parsis readily took another bet for ninepence, that he would butt his head through it as easy as he sent it through the first. The interest of the operation became intense. Every thing was carefully adjusted, and upon the word being given, Parsis darted off like an arrow at the ambushed grindstone: he struck it fair in the centre, and the next moment lay sprawling in the middle of the floor upon which he recoiled. For some minutes he laid speechless, and then he raised himself slowly upon his knees, and scratching his head, said with a squirming face—"Bery hard cheese, dat, massa. Dey skim de milk too much altogedder before dey make him, dat's a fac."—*Boston Statesman.*

RELIGION.

THERE is, says Bishop Taylor, a universal crust of hypocrisy that covers the face of the greatest part of mankind; but true religion is open in its articles, honest in its prosecution, just in its conduct, innocent, when it is accused, ignorant of falsehood, sure in its truth, simple in its sayings. It covers indeed a multitude of sins, by curing them, and obtaining pardon for them; but it can dissemble nothing of itself; a good man can quit his life, but never his integrity. Some time ago a soldier was brought under concern for the interest of his soul, and becoming visibly religious met with no little railing both from his comrades and officers. He was the servant of one of the latter. At length his master asked him, "Richard, what good has your religion done you?" The soldier made this discreet answer, "Sir, before I was religious I used to get drunk; now I am sober. I used to neglect your business; now I perform it diligently." The officer was silenced, and seemed to be satisfied. Here we see the excellency of real religion: it teaches us to deny all ungodliness, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. Honesty, diligence, sobriety and quietness, are among its happy fruits. Its ways are ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.

THE MOURNER.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

"It is very lonely, mamma," murmured a fair-haired, lovely girl, as she rested upon the sofa one evening, "it is very lonely now, and the nights seem very long. Shall I never see papa any more?" "Yes, my love, you will see him again in a brighter world than this." "But this is a fair world," said the little girl, "I love to run and play in the warm sunshine, and pick the water cresses from the brook; and when the weather is a little warmer, I shall go and gather the blue eyed violet, that pa said was like me."

"Too like, I fear," said the mother, as the crystal tear drop trembled on the drooping lid. "But, my dear child, there is a fairer world than this, where the flowers never fade; where clouds never hide the light of that glorious sky; for the glory of Him, whose name is Love, beams brightly and forever in those golden courts; the trees that grow on the banks of the river which waters that

blessed place, never fade as they do in this world, and when friends meet there, they will be parted no more, but will sing hymns of praise to God and the Lamb forever."

"And shall I go to that happy place when I die? and will you go with me?" said the little child. "Yes," said the mother, "we shall both go in God's own time; when he calls us from this life, we shall dwell forever in his presence."

It was but a little while, and the mother bent over the grave of this little, frail flower of intellect, withered by the untimely frosts of death. But was she alone, when in the twilight shade, she sat upon the grassy mound, where the deep and yearning hopes of that fond heart were gath'ered in oblivious silence? Oh no. The soft and silvery tones of buried love whispered in the breeze that lifted the drooping flowers, overcharged with the dewy tears of night. The diamond stars, that, one by one, came forth upon their shining watch, seemed beaming with the light of that deathless flame, which burned undimmed upon the inmost shrine of her heart, and she enjoyed, in the holy hours of solitude, that communion of pure spirits, which our exalted faith alone can bestow.

MILITARY COURTESY.—Gen. Meadows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitering party, in the Mysore country, at twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the General, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued on his route; quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and, pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good-humoredly said: "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. —, as Jeremiah R. was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short, "why here I've been juggling water all the morning for, Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about nine-pence," answered Mr. —. "Nine-pence! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

SAID a fellow to a Jew, a while ago, "did you know that they hang Jews and jackasses together in England?" "No, I didn't," replied the Israelite; but if it be true, it is fortunate that you and I are not there; for one of us might be hung for his nation and the other for his nature; and there would be an end of us both."

A SOLDIER during the war stole a shirt from a farmer, who required him to make restitution.—The soldier refused. "Well," said the farmer, "if you wont pay for it now, you will at the day of judgment." "Faith," replied the soldier, "if you will trust so long, I'll take another."

"ISAAC, can you describe a bat?" "Yes sir—he's a flying insect, about the size of a stopple—has Indian rubber wings, and a shoe-string tail, and sees best with his eyes shut."

USEFUL RECIPES.

BUTTER BISCUITS.—Half a pound of butter; two pounds of flour, sifted; Half a pint of milk, or cold water; a salt-spoonful of salt. Cut up the butter in the flour, and put the salt to it. Wet it to a stiff dough with the milk or water. Mix it well with a knife. Throw some flour on the paste-board, take the dough out of the pan, and knead it very well. Roll it out into a large thick sheet, and beat it very hard on both sides with the rolling pin. Beat it a long time. Cut it out with a tin, or cup, into small round thick cakes. Beat each cake on both sides, with the rolling pin. Prick them with a fork. Put them in buttered pans, and bake them of a light brown in a slow oven.

RHUBARB TART.—Strip off the peel, and if the rhubarb is large, cut it into two or three strips, and then into bits about an inch long; sweeten well with brown sugar, and cover the dish with paste.

FRENCH POLISH FOR FURNITURE.—Melt a quarter of a pound of yellow wax and an ounce of black rosin, well beaten, in an earthen pipkin; then pour in very gently, two ounces spirits of turpentine; mix it well, and put it into an earthen jar, and keep covered for use. Spread a little on the furniture with a woollen cloth; rub it well in, and in a few days it will look beautiful.

TO COLOR NANKIN.—A pail full of lye, with a piece of copperas half as large as a hen's egg, boiled in it, will produce a fine nankin color, which will not wash out. This is very useful for the lining of bed-quilts, comforters, &c.

RED RASPBERRY LEAVES.—A correspondent of the Bangor Whig states that the fine green leaves of the red raspberry, gathered in a fair day, and cured in an open, airy room, are not inferior to the ordinary China teas.

SWELLINGS.—To scatter swellings on horses or other cattle, take two quarts of proof whiskey, or other proof spirits, warm it over coal, but not to blaze; dissolve it in a pint of soft soap. When cool, put it in a bottle, and add one ounce of camphor. When dissolved, it will form a liquid opodeldoc, and is then ready for application, forming a cheap and useful remedy. When the swelling is on the leg, or any part that will receive a bandage, such bandage should be applied, and wet with the opodeldoc.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Y. M. A. Kelloggsville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. St. J. Schuyler, N. Y. \$1.00; A. E. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; C. T. Lyons, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. Millville, Ms. \$0.75; C. B. Winthrop, Me. \$1.00; G. E. S. Monkton, Vt. \$1.00; J. P. Deposit, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Lanesborough, Ms. \$1.00; J. W. B. Srockett's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Bethel, Vt. \$2.00; W. W. S. Deihl, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. D. North Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. East Randolph, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Rome, N. Y. \$2.00; M. B. V. Watervliet Centre, N. Y. \$5.00; E. V. H. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; H. R. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. M. Milton, Ct. \$5.00; S. S. W. Haydenville, Ms. \$5.00; A. S. Argyle, N. Y. \$1.00; B. G. Greenville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. Plymouth, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Olcott, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Charlestown, R. I. \$2.00; H. M. Morrisville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. North Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; G. M. Crownpoint, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married.

In this city, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. William H. Morey, Esq. of Harlaemville, to Miss Mary Jane Miller, eldest daughter of Abraham P. Miller, Esq.

On the 6th inst. by the same, Mr. William T. Groat to Miss Augusta Van Deusen, both of Ghent.

On the evening of the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. William H. Chadwick, of the firm of Cable & Chadwick, of Hudson, to Miss Jane Bortie, of Claverack.

In Claverack village, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. James Noble, of Cairo, Greene Co. to Miss Cornelia Reed, of Claverack.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. Martin Vrooman, of Middleburgh, Scholastic Co. to Miss Laura H. Groat, of Ghent.

At Chatham, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. W. D. Stead, Mr. Eliza Cady to Miss Adelia B. daughter of John Knight, Esq.

At Austerlitz, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. William Osborn, Mr. Peter Fritts, of this city, to Miss Harriet Jane Holdridge, of the former place.

At Amenia, Dutchess Co. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bevin, Mr. Charles P. Davis, merchant of Stamford, to Miss Rhoda J. Ballis, of the former place.

Died.

In this city, on the 29th ult. Asenath B. Southwell, in her 36th year.

On the 9th ult. Mr. John Paddock, in his 63d year.

At Brooklyn, L. I. on the 6th inst. Jane Alida, daughter of Dr. Robert Rossmann, late of this city.

At Mellenville, on the 1st inst. Elathra, daughter of William J. and Sarah Shultz, aged 2 years, 2 months and 10 days.

At the same place, on the 2d inst. Richard Orville, son of Charles O. and Lydia Gaul, aged 4 years, 2 months and 13 days.

At Ghent, on the 24th ult. after a short but severe illness, of Bronchial Consumption, Mrs. Catharine Garner, wife of Martin C. Garner, and daughter of Wm. P. Groat, Esq. in the 21st year of her age.

In Ghent, on the 7th inst. William Andrew, son of Philip P. and Sarah Pulver, aged 2 years, 7 months and 7 days.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO —.

Thou art not happy! come lay thy head upon
My bosom, and forget thy griefs, or else
Unburthen thy full heart, and let me calm
The trouble waters of thy soul. Thou art
Not happy! else why thy quick averted
Glance? thine eyes so full of tears? thy trembling
Lip? It pains my heart to see thee sad. 'Tis
Not thy wont thus silently to greet me.
Perchance thou dost not deem me fitting soother
Of thy griefs. May be my voice so often
Breaks upon thine ear in mirthful tones, thou
Thinkest it can never sink to the low
Cadences of sorrow. Perchance my heart
Seems so attuned to mirth, thou deemest
Others' griefs can find no echo there. Oh
Think not so, thou knowest not the misery
A light and careless smile may cover. Thou
Can'st not see my heart, 'tis well thou can'st not,
'Twould make thee shudder, 'tis such a very
Wreck. Sorrow has made it old, though time has
Scarcely chilled it. The world, the false fair
Seeming world may deem me happy, and thou
Perchance believe me so, but come with me
When all is hushed and still, and the pale
Stars, sole witness of my agony,
Are keeping their lone vigils. Come when I
Unseen can cast away the mantle pride
From off my heart, and pour its feelings forth
Unchecked. Come look upon me then, and
Thou wilt never envy me my mirthful
Hours. This face whose smiles seem but to mirror forth
The feelings of a young and joyous heart,
Full, full of gushing happiness, is haggard,
Pale, and worn with watching. My voice which seems
To ring upon the air with gay and careless
Merriment, as if my life were one long
Dream of happiness, is then subdued
And faltering. The veil is cast aside
And I am what I am, a wrecked and
Miserable woman. My heart like Noah's
Dove can find no verdant spot to rest upon.
'Tis all a waste. I'd weep with thee if I
Could summon tears, alas! I've wept their fountains
Dry. Tears I have not now, they are turned
Back upon the heart they sprang from, and there
Lie frozen. Oh dost thou deem me happy
Because I do not weep? alas to me
Tears were a blessing, as on my lonely
Couch I lie; weary, but sleepless, thinking
Of all that has been, and what is now; until
My brain is almost maddened, and I
Do feel, oh God! that thought is agony.
Dearest, thou hast no sorrows a few short
Hours cannot dispel. Thy griefs are only
Shadows, mine, alas! are all realities.
Nay look not so incredulous, thy future
May be clouded, but to thee the past bears
No sharp sting. It is the past that haunts me.
Oh that its hours could be recalled, or
I could drain a draught of Lethe's waters,
And so forgetting all, sleep quietly
Forever. Thou deem'st me happy, alas!
I feel sometimes that my deep wretchedness
Cannot be controlled. I turn with

Sickening dread from day, the very light
Seems mockery to the black darkness of
My feelings; and when day passes, I shrink
In fear from the drear loneliness of night.
It seems as if though day, or night, time were
A phantom; I do so dread each coming
Hour. Would I might fly from thought, 'tis that which
Bows my spirit down. I must forget all
That I ever felt, or hoped, or loved.
I must forget that Time has ever been
For me. I must, I will forget, all but
My tenderness and love for thee, a love
Which Time can never quench. Then weep not
Dearest, or if thy tears may not be stayed,
Whisper the secret of their flowing, fain
Would I know and soothe thy sorrows. My heart
Lies bare before thee, 'tis stripped of all
Disguise. Thou knowest all its desolation.
Alas my heart has known so much of sorrow,
And has so long held fellowship with
Suffering, it is more fit to share thy
Sorrows, than one of happier mould. J. K.
Hudson, Jan. 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

SABBATH MORN.

WELCOME thou morn of sacred rest,
Thou glorious boon of heaven;
Of all the days, divinely blest,
Which God to man has given.
Oh! let us joyful hail the morn,
And may our hearts be found
Attuned to praise for mercies shown,
With which our life is crowned.
This day reveals a Saviour's birth,
Who left the courts of heaven,
To tabernacle here on earth,
That man might be forgiven.
With holy aspirations, let
Our hearts to heaven ascend,
God's loving kindness ne'er forget,
As we before him bend.
Oh may each moment as it flies,
Some sweet enjoyment bring,
Which tells of bliss beyond the skies
With Christ our heavenly King,
When earthly sabbaths here shall end,
Then may our spirits soar;
An endless one with God to spend,
In life forevermore. LOUISA.
Hudson, Jan. 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

INTEMPERANCE.

INTEMPERANCE, thou deadly foe
Of human beings here below;
Ruinous to body and to soul
Art thou, O sparkling, deadly bowl!
The man unto strong drink inclined
Loses in body and in mind.
Does it impart strength? Nay, indeed,
It takes the very strength you need.
Doth it improve the mental part?
It weakens sense, benumbs the heart;
It leads men on to crime and woe,
Destroys their happiness below:
Unfits them for the world above,
Where all is purity and Love.
Rum, Brandy, Gin and Whiskey too,
Are unfit drinks for me or you;
That Wine doth mock and strong drink rage,
Not reason only, but the page
Of sacred inspiration shows,
The spring from which much evil flows.

Drink nought but Water, and you'll see
A drunkard you will never be—
Water, by nature's God designed,
The common bev'rage of mankind.
Say, what is a more wholesome drink
Than water, bubbling from the brink
Of some pure fount, that overflows
The verdant earth from which it rose?
By moderate drinking men begin,
And thus are led away in sin.
Was not the habit formed at first,
By little draughts, and frequent thirst?
Increasing more from day to day,
Till reason now has lost her way;
And thou, deluded man, hast found
The force of habit gaining ground.
Thou'rt now a sad inebriate;
But yet repent, 'tis not too late;
Dash from thy lips the fatal cup,
Resolve at once to give it up.
Then health and peace thou shalt regain,
And be thyself once more again.
Then happiness with thee shall dwell,
And men will say, thou hast done well.
Niskayuna, N. Y. Dec. 1841. R. J. P.

For the Rural Repository.

RECOLLECTIONS.

My early home, my childhood's home,
Why am I torn from thee?
In this cold hearted world to roam
From all that's dear to me.
My Father's care, my Mother's prayer—
Their words in early years—
The thought of them I cannot bear
Without these bitter tears.
My Brothers, still I love you well,
Though you I seldom see;
And whether now, I cannot tell,
You ever think of me.
My Sisters, you, I know are true—
Yes, I your love can share;
There is one still more dear than you—
The tale I must forbear.
O, childhood's years! no sorrow's tears
Did e'er corrode thy joys—
No blighted hopes or future fears;
There was no such alloys.
Those days were few, their friendships true;
But they have passed away:
O! could I but return to you—
A child once more to play.
Brandon, 17. Nov. 1841. C. D. G.

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